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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND

O D E
FOR
M U S I C.

Performed in the
SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE

July 1, 1749.

O D E

Performed in the

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE

July 1, 1749.

AT THE

Installation of His GRACE

Thomas Holles Duke of Newcastle

CHANCELLOR of the University.

—— canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum

Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una sororum

Utque viro Phæbi chorus affurrexerit omnis.

VIRGIL.

By Mr. *MASON*,

FELLOW of PEMBROKE-HALL.

Set to Music by

Mr. *BOYCE*, Composer to His MAJESTY.

CAMBRIDGE,

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M.DCC.XLIX.

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M. L.

O D E

FOR

M U S I C.

I.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuin *British* Muse;

Recitative.

Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

Come, imperial queen of song;
Come with all that free-born grace,
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,

Air 1.

Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

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The

II.

Recitative.

'The elevated soul, who feels
 Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
 Of honest unpolluted praise :
 He with impartial justice deals
 The blooming chaplets of immortal lays :
 He flies above ambition's low career ;
 And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,
 Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
 Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of Fame.

III.

Air II.

Goddess! thy piercing eye explores
 The radiant range of Beauty's stores,
 The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
 The silver slope of falling rills ;
 Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
 The crimson of the Wood-nymphs face,
 The verdure of the velvet lawn,
 The purple in the eastern dawn,
 Or all those tints, which rang'd in vivid glow
 Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

But

IV.

But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,

Recitative.

When to her intellectual eye

The mental beauties rise in moral dignity :

The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,

That fires the glowing Patriot's breast ;

The honest pride, that plumes the Hero's crest,

When for his country's aid the steel he draws ;

Or that, the calm yet active heat,

With which mild Genius warms the Sages heart,

To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,

Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,

Air III

She culls with taste refin'd ;

From their ambrosial bloom

With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,

And blends the sweets they all convey

In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise

Recitative.

In one collected radiance to her Eyes ?

Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
 Glory's invigorating gales,
 Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
 Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
 Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,
 Where ev'ry flower of Virtue glows?
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,
 There she loudly cries ——

Chorus I.

All Hail, All hail,
 Majestic GRANTA! hail thy awful name
 Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

Recitative.

You too, illustrious Train, she greets
 Who first in these inspiring seats
 Caught the bright beams of that ætherial fire,
 Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire
 To deeds of noblest note: whether to shield
 Your country's liberties, your country's laws;
 Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
 To hurl the shafts of reason, and to wield
 Those heav'nly-temper'd arms whose rapid force
 Arrests base Falshood in her impious course,
 And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

And

VII.

And now she tunes her plausive song
 To you her sage domestic throng;
 Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
 Dispence to each ingenuous youth
 The treasures of immortal truth,
 And open Wisdom's golden mine.

Air IV.

Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art,
 Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;
 And feels in his transported soul
 Enthusiastic raptures roll,

Recitative.

Gen'rous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught
 In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain
 Still may these Attic glories reign:
 Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state
 In unaffected grandeur great;
 Great as at this illustrious hour,

Air V.

When HE, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice

Recitative.

And ALBION's gen'ral voice
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,

When

When He appears, and deigns to shine
 The leader of thy learned line ;
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
 Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
 And add fresh glories to his honor'd brow.

IX.

Air VI. Haste then, and amply o'er his head
 The gracefull foliage spread ;
 Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
 And lift her swelling accents high,
 To tell the World that PELHAM's name
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

Full Chorus. *The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,*
 And lift her swelling accents high, .
 To tell the world that PELHAM's name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

F I N I S.

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